

# Mr. Right

## Mickey Avalon

Who that dude sleepin' with ya girlfriend?  
Gettin' nude and rude in your bed  
Same dude that your sister like  
Mickey Avalon, call me Mr. Right  
Who that man in a black Sedan?  
With two cheap hookers and a Mexican  
Fuck the white line, sippin' one Coors light  
Mickey Avalon, call me Mr. Right  
Stab on the ave, on the back of green grass  
Young teen on the scene, no future, no past  
I don't know nothin' 'bout nothin' so don't ask nothin'  
'Cause I only be talkin' out my ass  
Somethin' smells fishy and I don't know what  
But I got a hunch it's your lady  
I'm little bit country and a little bit punk  
I got a pistol named Sunny that whistles when he's rubbed  
The wrong way, Mickey Avalon song playing  
Strip clubs [Incomprehensible] Bumante  
Illiterate, I seen a better day  
Wine and cheese, fine ladies and lemonade  
Gettin' paid for rhymes like these  
And I never even learned to say my ABC's  
With ADD I rock the beat  
Like AC/DC, please turn sheet  
Who that dude sleepin' with ya girlfriend?  
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Radio can't wait to play me  
From K-Rock in L.A. to rooftops in Haiti  
Hey baby, he's Mr. Wrong  
And maybe you should listen to the words in this song  
Bird on a wire, your skirt's on fire  
Now please take a moment to admire my attire  
Fresh white valleys and pink tube socks  
Tight gray Levi's and shirts with polka dots  
Rolex watch but it's fake  
Gold gazelle glasses and a platinum chain  
But it's fake like your tits  
And your eyes, and your nose, and your lips, and your braids  
The glitz in L.A. got me ready to  
play  
Anytime, anyplace, anywhere, any day  
Every night on the strip I slip and slide  
I'm that guy, call me Mr. Right  
Who that dude sleepin' with ya girlfriend?  
Gettin' nude and rude in your bed  
Same dude that your sister like

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Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>